

# Our Dumb Animals.

"WE SPEAK FOR THOSE WHO



CANNOT SPEAK FOR THEMSELVES."

"I would not enter on my list of friends,  
Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,  
Yet wanting sensibility, the man  
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm." *Cooper*

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## *Bands of Mercy.*

We have now within less than one year 467 "Bands of Mercy," reaching from Quebec to Puget Sound, 1000 miles north of San Francisco, and numbering about 52,000 members. Many of these Bands are holding most interesting meetings and reporting most satisfactory results. Not only are they spreading over our own country, but have started into new life in England, where the Royal Society has adopted them. The Queen has specially interested herself in designing a badge made under her direction, and they have been placed in the special care of the Ladies' Humane Educational Committee of which the Baroness Burdett Coutts is president. In this country attention has been called to them by lectures, by addresses, and by an immense circulation of articles and information in the religious, educational and other papers of the country, so that to probably more than a million of our people, their badges and cards of membership, and objects are now well known. That they are to have a mighty influence on the world for good, is as certain as the rising of the sun or the revolutions of the planets, and we think no such movement towards the education of all people in thoughts and habits of mercy, both to their own and the lower races, can be found in the world's history since "the morning stars sang together and the sons of God shouted for joy."

To those who believe in divine Providence, and who are familiar with the wonderful growth and progress of this work, there can be but one way of accounting for it; and their hearts are filled with thanksgiving and praise to Him from whom all blessings flow.

PROVIDENCE.—"Bands of Mercy" have been started. The earnest secretary of the Rhode Island S. P. C. A., Mr. F. Denison, is taking active measures to increase the number, and the Press is helping him. The President of the first "Band" [in a grammar school] testifies that "it has already wrought a delightful change in the spirit and manners of the school."

## *Flushing, Long Island.*

At the request of friends there, Mr. Timmins visited Flushing, June 20th and 21st, gave six addresses and formed seven "Bands of Mercy," starting with about 800 members. They have sent and paid for 100 Histories of the Bands, 800 cards of membership, 300 badges and 12 membership books.

Mr. Timmins has also, since our last report, formed new "Bands" in Boston, Brookline, Chelsea, and Cambridge.

CINCINNATI.—Mr. A. L. Frazer, President of the Ohio State Society P. C. C. and P. C. A., writes us proposing to begin forming "Bands" in connection with his Society.

BUFFALO.—From Buffalo papers we learn of a delightful entertainment given by Mrs. Rev. Dr. Lord, on her beautiful grounds, to the "Band" named after her. Songs, addresses, recitations, and supper were a part of the entertainment. Among the songs, one written by Miss Emily B. Lord, the refrain to each stanza being, "We're a Band of Mercy, and we're marching 'round the world."

## *Second Dorchester Band of Mercy.*

We have received from Willie Orcutt, President of the Second Dorchester Band of Mercy, a very good programme of beautiful prose and poetical selections given at their last meeting.

## *Mr. Timmins's History of the Bands of Mercy.*

To publish all the kind letters of commendation of this beautiful volume which are being received by Mr. Sawyer and at this office, saying nothing of press notices, would fill this whole paper and leave no room for anything else. One of the most pleasing enclosed a check for fifty dollars to be used in pushing the work. We would say to those who have not seen it, that it contains eighty pages of humane selections and writing, twenty-four beautiful pictures, and is sold at our offices for 124 cents each, to which, when sent by mail, must

be added four cents postage. Of course it could not be sold for this sum if Mr. Sawyer had not generously paid six hundred dollars for its printing and publication.

## *Letter from a Lady Ninety-Four Years Old.*

Mr. Sawyer kindly permits us to publish the following charming note received by him from a most excellent lady ninety-four years old. We add that the handwriting would be creditable to any lady of twenty-five.

GLOUCESTER, July 2, 1883.

SAMUEL E. SAWYER, ESQ.

Dear Sir:—

Permit me to express my grateful acknowledgments for your politeness in sending me the History of the American Bands of Mercy. The reception of it gave me much pleasure (which would have been enhanced had the donor accompanied the gift).

I have ever had a sincere love for our dumb animals, and heart-felt pity for them when I have seen them neglected or abused, and I rejoice at what is being done for them. I think a Band should be in every school. I should cheerfully contribute my mite toward furthering so worthy an object, but my mite would be so small I should be in the back row. I could make no forward movement. I feel very grateful for what you have so nobly done for my dumb friends, as well as for the many other deeds of kindness of which I with my fellow-citizens have been recipients.

Wishing you every blessing,

With much respect,

Yours,

SARAH S. MACKAY.

## *Rhode Island.*

Among the printed notices of Mr. Timmins's History, we have the following from the *Providence Evening Press*:  
THE WORK OF MERCY.

A beautiful, illustrated, royal-octavo pamphlet, of 79 pages of admirable and charming matter, entitled, "The History of the Founding, Aims and Growth of the American Bands of Mercy," prepared by the Rev. Thomas Timmins, (late of England), Secretary of the Parent Band of Mercy of America, has just been published in Boston, under the auspices of the Massachusetts S. P. C. A., at the personal expense of Samuel E. Sawyer, Esq., who gave for the purpose \$600. The book is a treasure and a delight. It ought to be read by all the people as revealing one of the most remarkable moral movements of our age, really, the new moral wonder of history. By members of the "Bands" copies may be obtained for 12 1-2 cents apiece, or eight for a dollar. The book contains portraits of Mr. Angell and

the Rev. Mr. Timmins, and twenty-one cents. All persons interested, (and who is not?), in this great movement, now rapidly spreading over the civilized world, may obtain a copy of the "History" we have mentioned, by writing to the Massachusetts S. P. C. A., 96 Tremont street, Boston. It is urged that a large number of copies be secured in Rhode Island. Would that the book might be in every home. To the formation and success of Bands of Mercy from the Atlantic to the Pacific, not a few of the best citizens of our country, teachers, preachers, jurists, and noble women, are giving their names and their help. The roll of the Providence Band is open at No. 17 College street. Persons of all ages may become members.

#### New Bands.

- East Boston. Bates Bethel Band of Mercy.  
P., George Wright.  
S., Miss Lillian Bates.  
T., Mr. Jackson.
- East Boston. Central Square Baptist Band of Mercy.  
P., Rev. J. K. Richardson.  
S., Miss J. E. Thacher.  
T., W. B. Forest.
- Brookline. Methodist Episcopal Band of Mercy.  
P., E. E. Doran.  
S., Miss Nellie Nelson.  
T., Miss Lydia Peck.
- Cambridge. Wyman School.  
P., Mrs. Dennis.
- Charlestown. Universalist Band of Mercy.  
P., Rev. C. F. Lee.  
S., Mrs. D. Crosby.  
T., E. L. Pillsbury.
- Chelsea. Cary Avenue Baptist Church Band of Mercy.  
P., Rev. W. A. Keese.  
S., Miss May Hastings.  
T., E. C. Fitz.
- Chelsea. Central Congregational Church Band of Mercy.  
P., Rev. C. P. H. Nason.  
S., Miss M. E. Evans.  
T., T. B. Frost.
- East Cambridge. Ascension Church Band of Mercy.  
P., Rev. J. E. Wilkinson.  
S., Miss M. F. Munroe.  
T., Miss J. Grant.
- East Cambridge. Universalist Band of Mercy.  
S., Miss M. L. Griffing.
- East Cambridge.  
P., George F. Howard.  
S., Mrs. Chas. Marsh.  
T., Deacon Alonzo Steward.
- Taunton. Mrs. E. L. Morse.
- Soho, N. J. A Home Band of Mercy.  
P., Miss Mattie Valser.
- Flushing, Long Island, N.Y. Flushing Band of Mercy.  
P., Mrs. I. C. Hicks.  
S., Miss Marietta Miller.  
T., Mrs. Kate Boyd.
- Flushing, Long Island, N.Y. Flushing High School Band of Mercy.  
P., Mr. Burke, Head Master.  
S., Miss M. E. Tomkins.  
T., Miss J. Van Auken.
- Flushing, Long Island, N.Y. Flushing Primary School Band of Mercy.  
P., Mrs. A. D. Allen.  
S., Miss Emilie Trumfry.  
T., Miss Sarah Scott.
- Flushing, Long Island, N.Y. Lincoln Band of Mercy.  
P., Mrs. Shaw.  
S. & T. Miss Andrews.
- Flushing, Long Island, N.Y. The Mrs. Pell Mt. Pleasant Band of Mercy.  
P., Miss Teresa A. Fogerty.  
S. & T. Miss Kate E. Fogerty.
- Flushing, Long Island, N.Y. The Mrs. I. C. Hicks Band of Mercy.
- Flushing, Long Island, N.Y. The Mrs. Pell Band of Mercy.
- Providence, R. I. Providence Band of Mercy.  
P., Mrs. Emily A. Hall.  
S., Rev. F. Denison.

#### To Boys Who Go Gunning.

Almost every boy who goes gunning, if he can find nothing that he wants to bang away at, considers it the next best thing to kill a few woodpeckers. They look so funny, wrong end up on the side of a tree, bobbing and whacking around on the loose bark, that the temptation is strong, and the poor, jolly hammerer has no friends—so bang!—and down he comes, and he is given to the dog to play with and tear to pieces. That poor, little bird, if over a year old, has killed and eaten many hundred thousands of bugs' larvae, in the form of grubs and worms, and almost every one of a kind which is injurious to vegetation. The cat-bird, one of our finest singers, and a bird that is always sociable, if ever permitted to be so, eats a cherry occasionally, and of course he must be banished or suffer death. He pays a better price for every cherry he eats than any fruiterer would dare demand in the market, in the worms he destroys, and throws in a complete bird-opera several times a day in the bargain.

The king-bird, or phebe-bird, is too often stoned and shot and frightened—and almost any farmer's boy deems it a duty to risk his neck while climbing under a bridge to get at and destroy its mud nest. Why? "He kills our bees!" Well, yes, he does kill bees. He is very cunning about it, too. He watches the hive, sitting very near, as the bees go and come under his very nose, and sometimes he is impudent enough to alight close to the entrance, and rap with his bill to announce that he is making a call! Oh! what a rascal! A murderer, calling his victim to the door of his own house, that he may kill, and then eat him! And when the bees come to the door to answer the knock, Mr. Phebe selects the largest bee, and makes off to the fence-corner or to his mud nest to enjoy his prize. But the queer part of it all is that he only eats the drone bees, which never store any honey, and when the flowers become scarce the working bees kill these lazy drones and pitch them out of hive. So the king-bird is a help, instead of a damage, to the bee-raiser.

—C. C. Harkins in *St. Nicholas*.

#### Four Sunbeams.

Four little sunbeams came earthward one day,  
Shining and dancing on their way,  
Resolved that their course should be blest.  
"Let us try," they all whispered, "some kindness to do,  
Not seek our own pleasuring all the day through,  
Then meet in the eve at the west."

One sunbeam ran in at a low cottage door,  
And played "hide-and-seek" with a child on the floor,  
Till baby laughed loud in his glee,  
And chased in delight his strange playmate so bright,  
The little hands grasping in vain for the light  
That ever before them would flee.

One crept to the couch where an invalid lay,  
And brought him a dream of the sweet summer day,  
Its bird song, and beauty, and bloom,  
Till pain was forgotten, and weary unrest,  
And in fancy he roamed through the scenes he loved  
Best,  
Far away from the dim, darkened room.

One stole in the heart of a flower that was sad,  
And loved and caressed her until she was glad,  
And lifted her white face again;  
For love brings content to the lowliest lot,  
And finds something sweet in the dreariest spot,  
And lightens all labor and pain.

And one where a little blind girl sat alone,  
Not sharing the mirth of her playfellows, shone  
On hands that were folded and pale,  
And kissed the poor eyes that had never known sight,  
That never would gaze on the beautiful light  
Till angels had lifted the veil.

At last, when the shadows of evening were falling,  
And the sun, their father, his children was calling,  
Four sunbeams passed into the west.  
All said, "We have found, that in seeking the pleasure  
Of others, we fill to the full our own measure."  
Then softly they sank to their rest.

—Gem.

#### A Dog Doctor.

Several years ago, in the days before the great Boston fire, there used to be a dog emporium on Morton place, off Milk street, kept by a transplanted Cockney called "Billy" Something. The sporting men all patronized Billy, and even fashionable people used to consult him when their pets were in trouble. One day a gorgeous equipage drove up to the place, and a well-known fashionable lady dismounted in front of William's studio with a sickly little pug, which, she explained, was troubled with some mysterious disorder. William, all obsequiousness, took the patient tenderly in his arms and assured the afflicted owner that the dear little thing should be properly treated and restored in good health to his bereaved friends. The lady kissed her darling and departed, after tearfully adjuring the dog man to treat him kindly. As the carriage turned the corner the doctor, still fondling the cur, opened a trap-door and, depositing his burden in front of it, sent him, with a well-aimed kick, into a subterranean region of darkness. "Wot that critter wants," said Billy, "is a chance to let up on his grub. 'E's been a livin' too 'igh and wants trainin' down." Every day Mrs. H. sent to inquire after the health of her pet and was made happy, at the end of fourteen days, by being told that next morning he would be brought home convalescent. Punctually at the appointed hour, William and his patient appeared at the door of Mrs. H.'s Beacon street residence. A servant admitted them, and announced the joyful news of their arrival. The dog was entirely cured of his apoplectic looks, having had nothing to eat since his incarceration. "Do you think it would be safe to give him a little milk or blanc-mange?" inquired his mistress. "Well, Mum," said the physician, "I don't know, but you might wenter on that kind of diet; or you might even give him a trifle of steak, as he's been dieting low like." Mrs. H. assured him that her darling never ate meat, but the doctor maintaining that the experiment was perfectly harmless, she sent for a slice of steak, and, to her great surprise, it was greedily devoured.

"Why," said Bill, in narrating the story, "'E'd a eat her sanguinary 'ands off. I never see such a cure." William's fame was at once secure, but he steadily refused to divulge his system of treating pampered pugs and, like other fashionable practitioners, gained all the more renown for his silence. It was the heroic remedy of starvation. My story lacks the fine zest of the hero's own rendering of it. The Emporium has long since passed away, and so has its proprietor, otherwise I should hesitate to give away his method of treatment, lest it might bring down on him the wrath of the long-named society.

—Jeff.

#### "You Are Saved."

In describing the scenes that followed the surrender of Metz, the correspondent of a London journal says: A touching incident occurred as I was walking down a street. A veterinary surgeon of the Ambulance Corps came up, and said: "Monsieur, my horse is dying for want of food; I have ridden him for four years; he has shared my rations, and latterly my bed; for three days I have had nothing to give him to eat. Give him something; save the poor thing's life, and take him for your own; he is a good and faithful beast; you will never regret it." I immediately accompanied the man, and on my way I bought two loaves of bread, which we cut up as we walked along. Arrived at the shed where his horse stood, the poor beast turned his head toward his master, and neighed out a welcome, though so weak that he could scarcely move. The man, rushing up to his horse, threw his arms around his neck, and, while the tears stood in his eyes, cried out, "Tu es sauve! tu es sauve!"

Lost wealth may be replaced by industry; lost knowledge by study; lost health by temperance or medicine; but lost time is gone forever.



## How to Drive a Horse.

Young man, I see you are about to take a drive this morning, and will offer you some advice. Your horse is restive and wants to be off before you are ready; you may as well break him of this now as at any other time, and hereafter you will find it has been a half hour well spent. Just give me the reins, while you put your foot on the step, as if to get in; the horse makes a move to go; I tighten the reins and say "whoa." Now put your foot on the step again; the horse makes another move; I hold the reins and speak to him again. The horse is getting excited. Pat him a little on the neck, and talk to him soothingly. Put your foot on the step again, and repeat this process until the horse will stand still for you to get in, and adjust yourself in your seat, and tell him to go. A few such lessons will train him so that he will always wait for order before starting.

Now, as your horse has just been fed, drive him at a very gentle pace for the first two or three miles, until he warms up and his body becomes lighter. But, before you start, let me show you how to hold the reins. Take them in your left hand, have them of equal length from the bit, and to cross each other in your hand, the off side one resting on your first finger, the other on the fourth finger, the back of the hand upwards. Now, in guiding the horse, you have only to use the wrist joint, which will direct him either right or left, as you wish. Keep your hand steady, with a gentle pressure on the bit—no jerking or switching of the reins. If more speed is wanted, take the whip in your right hand, to be gently used for that purpose; be careful not to apply it any harder than is necessary to bring him up to the required speed.

Speak to him soothingly, and intimate, in the most gentle manner, what you want him to do, and he will try to do it. So noble an animal should not be handled roughly, nor over-driven.

When you return, have the harness removed at once, and the horse rubbed down with a wisp of straw or hay. Give him a bite of straw or hay, and let him cool off before being watered or fed. Every one who handles a horse, or has anything to do with one, should in the first place cultivate his acquaintance; let him know that you are his friend, and prove it to him by your kind treatment; he needs this to inspire confidence, and when that is gained, he is your humble servant.

If your horse gets frightened at any unusual sight or noise, do not whip him, for if you do he will connect the whipping with the object that alarmed him, and be afraid of it ever after. If he merely shies at an object, give him time to examine it, which, with some encouraging words from the driver, will persuade him to pass it. You get frightened, too, sometimes, and would not like to be whipped for it.

—Stock Journal.

## Not so Black as They Are Said to Be.

One day last season, as the barley in my fields was ripening, the blackbirds began to gather about it, and my farmer began to anathematize them as thieves and robbers, feeding upon what they did not sow. "Why, they come," said he, "in clouds from Naushon, and all about us." Notwithstanding, I told him I was satisfied that they did more good than harm, and that they were welcome to their share. The harvest began, and as the mowers reached the middle of the field they found the stalks of the grain very much stripped and cut up by the army worm. When the barley was down, they commenced to march out of the field in a compact stream through the barway into the next one, and here we saw clearly what the blackbirds were after. They pounced upon them and devoured them by thousands, very materially lessening their numbers. The worms were so numerous that they could not destroy them all, but they materially lessened them and their power of mischief. All honor, then, to the blackbirds, which are usually counted mischievous, and are destroyed by farmers like vermin.

—Boston Advertiser.

## English Sparrows.

The charge against the English sparrows is that they do not eat worms. Granted. But in England they devour worms, bugs, and everything else destructive to vegetation. They have to do it or starve. In this country they do not care for a worm diet, and why should they, when American families throw away enough better food to keep billions of sparrows in luxury? Before killing the sparrows for making a choice of dishes, why not first reform our wasteful habits?

—Philadelphia News.

## The Oasis.

"As rivers of water in a dry place, as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land."—Isaiah.

Another day! The long and level rays,  
Like molten silver, o'er the desert ran,  
And slowly still within that furnace blaze  
Crept on our caravan.

Our Lybian drivers staggered faintly by,  
And goaded on our patient "desert-ships;"  
We searched in vain the scorched and coppery sky,  
And gnawed our raging lips.

At last the camels reared their heads on high,  
Snuffed the hot air, and then, as in a dream,  
Pushed on, with pace redoubled, and a cry—  
A wild and grateful scream.

A tiny speck upon the glassy verge  
Grew large and larger as our caravan  
Sped o'er the desert, like a broken surge,  
'Mid cries of beast and man.

Only some palm trees clustering about  
A sphinx half buried in the sandy tides;  
But still our camels, with their necks stretched out,  
Rushed on with mighty strides.

Then, as we neared the emerald oasis,  
The splash of waters fell upon the ear  
Like choicest music, and we reeled to kiss  
The wave that sparkled near.

Its music fanned us like a cooling breeze,  
We groveled down to suck the limpid tide,  
And the poor camels sank upon their knees,  
And drank, all grateful-eyed.

No more we feared the wide, wide sandy seas,  
Or clouds of robber-horse upon our flank;  
And hymns of praise the holy dervishes  
Loud-chanted as we drank.

"Allah il Allah!" Through the burning air  
And o'er the plains their hoarse thanksgiving  
Swept;  
Our bosoms beat in accord with the prayer,  
And, as we drank, we wept.

Oh, many a time since then my life hath seemed  
A wide Sahara, desolate and apart,  
And the sweet memory of that prayer hath streamed  
Like music to my heart.

Till, pressing on, half fainting and athirst,  
Soft oasis of faith my journey graced,  
And cooling waters from its bosom burst,  
To cheer me o'er the waste.

—Argonaut.

## Baby Elephant.

Something pulled the air-brake cord and mysteriously brought an Erie railroad train to a sudden stop three times one day last week. The conductor set a watch on every platform and on all the passengers, but he did not catch the culprit until he opened a sealed express car. Therein he found a baby elephant, consigned to a Chicago showman, with its trunk grasping the cord.

—Boston Herald, July 16.

## The Saucy Sparrow.

I am an English sparrow!

Chip!

Chip, ker flip,

Chippety, wippety, chip!

I am anxious to discuss,

Through your valuable paper,

Why you make such a fuss

When we sparrows cut a caper?

Hi, ker-chip!

"Stop your noise, you little demon!"

That's the talk we have to dream on!

What's the matter with our song?

Ain't it short?—ain't it long?

Ain't it fast?—ain't it slow?

Ain't it every variation of the theme,

I'd like to know?

'Fore me ancestors, I'm puzzled,

Must an honest bird be muzzled?

Hi, ker-chip!

Chippety, wippety, chip, chip, chip, chip, chip!

Don't let us be put down, boys!

Come on! Ker-flip, ker chip!

Let us chip these people down—

Let us spread from town to town—

Let us keep on, summer 'n' winter.

Till we spread from pole to pole,

Till the great sun in his dawning

Shall forever onward roll

To the screech, screech, screech,

Of the freedom of our speech!

Hi, ker-chip!

Now's the season for a racket.

Gentle spring! what sparrow 'd lack it?

Come and join us now in revel,

Every bird whose head is level!

Clear your throat

Now! the note—

CHIP!

We won't go home till morning,

We won't go home till morning,

We won't go home till morning,

Till daylight doth appear!

And we won't go then if we don't want to!

Chip, chip, chip, chip, chip, hip, hip, hurrah!

Chip! Chip! Chip!

—Boston Transcript.

## English Sparrows.

A RESIDENT OF PORTLAND, ME., THE FIRST TO IMPORT THEM.

The experiment of introducing the sparrow into the country was first made by a Mr. Deblois, who imported several dozens from England into Portland, Me., in 1858. The good character earned by the British strangers in New England induced the New York Central Park commissioners to let loose hundreds of sparrows within the inclosures of the park. The bird maintained the excellent reputation he had acquired in Maine, and the demand for sparrows became general throughout the country. By a vote of the municipal authorities in 1869, it was resolved to introduce the sparrow into Fairmount Park, Philadelphia, and the public squares of that city. Every means was taken to afford a hearty welcome to the little fellow. Tiny houses were built in the tree-tops, and special ordinances were passed for his protection from missiles and traps at the hands of persons of immature and adult growth with mischievous tendencies. The sparrow arrived. He promptly set to work to eat measuring worms and beet more sparrows. In both acts he succeeded beyond expectation. The trees bloomed fresh and green again; the sulphurous atmosphere, which, like a cloud, had hung over the city, owing to constant juxtaposition of its inhabitants with nauseating insects and worms, disappeared; the sparrow was regarded as the best thing ever out of Britain except Washington's ancestor. But now, owing to the large increase in numbers, there is a universal cry for the sparrow's extinction.

—Boston Herald.

## OUR DUMB ANIMALS.

BOSTON, AUGUST, 1883.

*The Directors' July Meeting*

Was held on Wednesday, the 18th, President Angell in the chair.

The President reported that Boston agents had dealt with 135 complaints of cruelty during the month, and country agents with 286 during the quarter; 45 animals had been taken from work and 94 humanely killed. There were now 471 Bands of Mercy with upwards of 52,000 members. A petition was before the city government for the establishment of a public drinking trough for animals, in or contiguous to Post Office or Liberty squares. The payment of a legacy of \$2,000 from the estate of John W. Estabrooks, a Boston truckman, deceased, was announced.

On motion of Mr. Appleton, a delegate to the International Congress at Vienna was elected.

The following resolutions were passed in regard to the death of Mr. Charles L. Heywood, a Director:—

*Resolved*, That we have learned with deep regret of the sudden death of Mr. Charles L. Heywood, for many years a Director of this Society.

*Resolved*, That we tender our earnest sympathy to his bereaved widow, in this great affliction.

*Newport, R. I.*

The annual meeting of the Newport Society was held July 11th. From President Nathan Appleton's address, as published in the Boston Herald, we give the following practical suggestions:

"It is indeed a matter of satisfaction that we have made the absurd and often cruel check rein unfashionable, and that, as a result of this, it is fast being discarded from the necks of horses, not only those used for pleasure and show, but also the poor beasts of burden, who doubtless thank us for what we have done to alleviate their needless sufferings. Let us hope that, as another result, blinders will soon cease to be a part of harness, and that horses will be permitted to wear their tails, if not as long as nature allows, at least not so short that they will have no weapon to defend themselves from the attacks of flies. Let the tail be banged or cut square at the end, if it be so desired, but not chopped off to a length, or rather shortness, of a few inches. But why insult the noble animal by depriving him of the half-use of his eyes, and subject him to the fear of sounds, when his intelligence will tell him, if he can use his eyes, that there is no danger in the light. Remember that you often drive a horse with blinders, when you ride him without them, clearly proving that they are not a necessity, but really are superfluous pieces of harness, and, as for short tails, think of the years of trial your pet horse will be subjected to when, after leaving your comfortable stable and the attentive care of your coachman, he will have to finish his days in an omnibus, the wagon or working on a farm."

*Newport, R. I.*

In Newport last summer several of the prominent summer residents agreed to hire no carriage or other horse with a check rein. The drivers of public conveyances soon dropped their check reins, and check reins became very unfashionable. Let our 50,000 "Bands of Mercy" members refuse to ride after a horse with a tight check rein, and we shall soon see a reform in this matter.

Our friend, Mr. Daniel Ricketson of New Bedford, reports several cases of serious injury to animals by barbed wire fence.

*Voices for the Speechless.*

We receive from Houghton, Mifflin & Co., publishers, a tastily bound 12mo. volume of 256 pages of humane selections, prose and poetry, for schools and private reading, selected by Mr. A. Firth, formerly secretary of this society, and now secretary of the American Humane Association. The book contains the contents of four pamphlets, selected by Mr. Firth when secretary of our society, and which were widely circulated and received with favor. We hope our friends will buy this little volume and give it a wide circulation. Price, 75 cents. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston, and 11 East 17th street, New York.

*Killing Butterflies.*

Stopping at the seashore a few days since we saw a number of interesting little children gathering butterflies, grasshoppers and other varieties of insects, and fastening them with pins to the side of the hotel, where the poor creatures were writhing and struggling to escape. *It was not the fault of the children.* They were very young, and knew no better. They did not once dream of the suffering endured by these insects, and on being told of it, all assented to their being at once killed, and cheerfully stopped further pursuit of them. *But it was your fault, fathers and mothers of those children, and one for which God holds you accountable.* If you neglect your duties to your children in that period of life when the moulding of their characters is in your hands, and they grow up more and more merciless, until in your old age you reap the harvest you have sown, you have no one to blame but yourselves.

—Geo. T. Angell.

We have been told of several instances in which Sunday-school children have caught butterflies and pinned them onto their dresses. "Bands of Mercy" in our Sunday schools will stop this cruelty.

—Ed.

*Cruelty to Pigeons.*

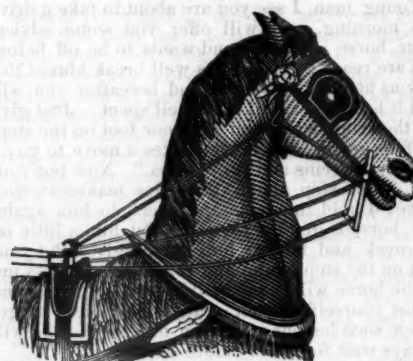
After obtaining a decision in the courts that shooting one's own live pigeons from traps, provided they were used for food afterward, was not cruelty to animals under the law of Ohio, the local gun clubs here arranged for a grand tournament yesterday, in which 5000 wild pigeons were to be shot. The tournament began, and at 9 o'clock the first instalment of 1000 wild pigeons arrived from St. Louis. They were closely packed in small cages, and had been sent without food or water. *One-third of them were dead from suffocation, and those living were squabs with the pin feathers scarcely shed.* The survivors were turned loose in a barn to feed and grow, and the St. Louis dealer was telegraphed to send no more birds. Members of the local clubs and the shots from abroad are indignant at the dealer, and desire to place him at the mercy of some society for the prevention of cruelty. The tournament proceeds with clay pigeons.

—Boston Herald.

In Massachusetts, Maine, New Hampshire and Rhode Island the shooting of pigeons from traps is prohibited by law. The only known case of violation of this law in Massachusetts occurred within about three miles of the residence of the President of this Society, and within twenty-four hours was made known to him. He ordered the arrest of the six young men engaged in it. They were convicted, and paid about \$60 for their cruelty.

—Ed.

"Never," says an Irish orator, "write an anonymous letter without signing your name to it."

*The Cruel Check-Rein.*

We have just printed a new edition of the Society's little tract on the check-rein, containing the opinions of the foremost veterinary surgeons of the world in regard to the suffering and wrong inflicted upon man's most useful servant, by this, too often, instrument of torture. Our Society has published thirty thousand copies of this tract in a single year. It costs sixty cents a hundred. It ought to be in the hands of every man that uses a check-rein on a horse, and we hope our friends and the friends of horses will order 100,000 copies this year for general distribution.

Over 500 veterinary surgeons in Great Britain have signed a paper condemning tight check-reins.

*Check-Reins.*

The practical uselessness of the check-rein is now acknowledged by horse-men generally as well as those who mercifully consider the comfort of their beasts, and even by the selfish who regard only their purses, in view of its pernicious effect upon the nervous system of the horse, thereby surely, though insidiously, curtailing his period of usefulness and depreciating his market value. The fact is recognized by the discarding of it from the harness of heavy draft teams and municipal work horses in all the more enlightened cities. It frets by continual jerking when loose, and paralyzes the power of the neck when tight—a power which is great and important—as any one observing the free motions of a heavily laboring horse will admit. Yet ignorance and vanity, cemented by money, are permitted to parade themselves, to the disgust and discomfort of all, who either from their house-windows or passing on the street, are compelled to witness dashing private carriages drawn by horses over-loaded with cold, glittering trappings, and their necks almost disjointed with the check-rein, torturing them into an ungraceful gait and going far toward rendering them neither useful nor ornamental in the eye of true admirers and judges of the animal.

—Cincinnati Commercial.

Check-reins were very unfashionable at Newport last summer. — EDITOR.

*Guide Posts.*

Much complaint is made to us of the neglect in many towns to erect the proper guide posts required by law, and for want of which much unnecessary labor and trouble is caused to both man and beast. We would earnestly call upon all "Bands of Mercy" and our agents and members throughout the Commonwealth, to do all they can to obtain proper guide posts in their respective towns. There is a grand opportunity for Bands of Mercy work in some towns in this matter.



## Children Riding a Camel.

This is a scene which I once saw at the Zoological Gardens in London. Two children were mounted on a camel's back, and one little girl sat on its neck. A man led the camel round. It was a pretty scene.

The camel is a most useful animal in the sandy country where it is used. It will travel four or five days without water, whilst half a gallon of beans and barley, or else a few balls made of the flour, will sustain it for a whole day.

Before drinking, it disturbs the water with its feet, and then, after the manner of pigeons, takes several successive draughts.

In travelling over the deserts of Arabia a full-sized camel will carry a weight of more than a thousand pounds. He receives this load kneeling; but, if his driver lays more on him, he refuses to rise till the burden is lessened.

Mounted on the "ship of the desert," as the Arab calls his camel, the traveller in the East pursues his way over vast and trackless regions with ease and safety. Sometimes two long chairs, like cradles, with a covering, are hung on each side; and here he may sit or lie down as he pleases.

—Uncle Charles.



CHILDREN RIDING A CAMEL.

## The Bees' Pockets.

Bees are very curious little creatures, and the most useful of all the insects that fly. They are only about an inch long, and what

wonderful work they do, making so much honey and wax all summer long! They know, too, about every flower in our gardens, and all the signs of the weather.

When they make their honey, I wonder if you know how they get materials. Let me tell you. Bees have slender pointed hairs upon their heads. The yellow hairs upon their legs, which we can see with the naked eye, turn out to be hard, horny sort of combs, which they use in the gathering and storing the pollen of flowers. Besides this, the bees have two little baskets upon their thighs, which are the very perfection of side pockets, just such as we should want for a similar purpose.

But what do you think they do with these pockets? They first tuck their little heads into the heart of the rose or lily, or other sweet flower, for honey. In doing so, they cover themselves all over with the yellow dust, which is the pollen. Then they take their fore-feet and brush it very carefully from the hair, and pass it on to the middle feet, and on again to the hind feet, when it is safely packed in these little pockets on the thighs. As soon as they are loaded down, they fly home.

Some of the pollen is given to their babies, and some of it worked up into wax. This, you know, is used to make the cells. Some of it, called propolis, they use to punish intruders, giving them a sort of "tar and feathering."

The bees are so industrious, that in a few days, by the use of these pockets, they can half fill the hive with honey-comb. And then the wax is used for a great many other purposes. When you look at your beautiful dolls, don't forget that they are made by the bees.

Much more might be told about these industrious little creatures. But you can find out a great deal for yourselves, my dear young friends, if in the summer you hunt up a hive and watch the doings of the bees.

—Exchange.

We regret to learn by circular from the Hamburg Society P. C. A., that Dr. D. R. Warburg, for many years president of that society, and whom we had the pleasure of meeting at the World's Congress of our Societies at Zurich, Switzerland, in the fall of 1869, died at Rome, May 11th. Dr. Warburg was an honorary member of our Mass. S. P. C. A.

## The Power of Music.

The following pleasing anecdote of the power of music is related by the celebrated Haydn: "In my early youth," says he, "I went with some other young people equally devoid of care, one morning during the extreme heat of summer, to seek for coolness and fresh air on one of the lofty mountains which surround the Lago Maggiore in Lombardy. Having reached the middle of the ascent by daybreak, we stopped to contemplate the Borromean Isles, which were displayed under our feet in the middle of the lake, when we were surrounded by a large flock of sheep, which were leaving their fold to go to pasture.

"One of our party, who was no bad performer on the flute, and who always carried the instrument with him, took it out of his pocket. 'I am going,' said he, 'to turn Corydon: let us see whether Virgil's sheep will recognize their pastor.' He began to play. The sheep and goats, which were following one another toward the mountain with their heads hanging down, raised them with the first sound of the flute, and all, with a general and hasty movement turned to the side from which the agreeable noise proceeded. They gradually flocked around the musician, and listened with attention. He ceased playing and the sheep did not stir.

"The shepherd with his staff now obliged them to move on, but no sooner did the fluter begin again than his innocent auditors

again returned to him. The shepherd, out of patience, pelted them with clods of earth; but not one of them would move. The fluter played with additional skill: the shepherd flew into a passion, whistled, scolded, and pelted the poor creatures with stones. Such as were hit by them began to march, but the others still refused to stir. At last the shepherd was forced to entreat our Orpheus to stop his magic sounds: the sheep then moved off, but continued to stop at a distance, as often as our friend resumed the agreeable instrument.

"The tune he played was nothing more than a favorite air at that time in Milan."

## A Rhyme of the Time.

Miss Pallas Endora Von Blurky  
She didn't know chicken from turkey;  
High Spanish and Greek  
She could fluently speak,  
But her knowledge of poultry was murky.

She could tell the great uncle of Moses,  
And the dates of the wars of the Roses,  
And the reasons of things—  
Why the Indians wore rings  
In their red aboriginal noses.

Why Shakespeare was wrong in his grammar,  
And the meaning of Emerson's "Brahma;"  
And she went chipping rocks  
With a little black box  
And a small geological hammer.

She had views upon co-education,  
And the principal needs of the nation;  
And her glasses were blue,  
And the number she knew  
Of the stars in each high constellation.

And she wrote in a handwriting clerky,  
And she talked with an emphasis jerky,  
And she painted on tiles,  
In the sweetest of styles,  
But she didn't know chicken from turkey.

—Nellie G. Cone in Scribner's.

A little girl, on being asked where her native place was, replied: "I have none; I am a Methodist minister's daughter."

## Mother Works for Everybody.

The *Woman's Journal* tells of a little Boston boy, who, questioned when on his way to sweep office floors and build fires before the stars went out in the sky, said:

"My mother gets me up, builds the fire, and gets my breakfast, and sends me off. Then she gets my brother up, and gets his breakfast, and sends him off. Then she gives the other children their breakfast, and sends them to school; and then she and the baby have their breakfast."

"How old is the baby?" I asked.  
"Oh, she's 'most two; but she can talk and walk as well as the rest of us."

"And are you well paid?"  
"I get two dollars a week, and my father gets two dollars a day."

"How much does your mother get?"  
With a bewildered look he said, "Mother? Why, she don't work for anybody."

"I thought you said she worked for all of you."  
"Oh, yes, for us she does; but there ain't any money in it."

—The Christian.

Boys, do not judge a man by his clothing. A little incident occurred on one of the lines of street cars of this city a few days since which is worthy of notice. A poorly clad woman entered the car carrying an infant in her arms. As she sat opposite I observed she seemed troubled about something. When the conductor passed through the car for the fares she said in a very low voice, "please sir, I have no money, let me ride this time, and some other time I will pay you." "I can hear that story every day," said the conductor in a loud rough voice; "you can pay or get off." "Two fares please," said a pleasant voice, as a toil-worn and sun-browned hand passed the conductor ten cents. "Heaven bless you, sir," said the woman, and long and silently she wept; the language of the heart so eloquent, to express our hidden thoughts. This man in worn and soiled garments was one of God's noble men; he possessed a heart to feel for the woes of others, and although the act was but a trifle, it proves that we cannot, with safety, judge a man by his clothing—"For many a true heart beats beneath a ragged jacket."

—Appeal.

*Bear's Meat.*

There is now at Peterhead, England, in the possession of Captain Gray, of the *Eclipse*, the well-known Arctic voyager, a dog which is worthy of all honor, and whose story is well worthy of being recorded. The dog is a retriever, black, with curly hair, and is named "Oscar."

Most people have heard of Mr. Leigh Smith, who is enthusiastic in Arctic exploration, and whose steam yacht, the *Eira*, has twice sailed on a voyage of discovery, the last time being in the spring of 1881. Among the voyagers on this expedition was the dog Oscar.

The *Eira* got nipped in the ice and had to be abandoned, and the crew, who numbered twenty-two, made their way over the ice to a point of land, where they knew they would find drift-wood for fuel.

They built themselves a hut and, set about finding food; but, although they had plenty of ammunition, no food was obtainable, for no living animal ever appeared except Polar bears; and every one knows that if you go to catch a bear, the likelihood is that he will catch you; and bears are as fond of men's flesh as men are of bear's. Besides, the bears were very difficult to find, for it was the long three months' night of the Arctic winter, and the bear and the ice are so much the same shade of white, that it was not easy in the dark to distinguish the animal from the ground. The only plan, therefore, was to listen for foot-steps, and fire at the spot whence the sound came, but a great deal of shooting gave in this way very small results.

The men were therefore at their wits' end for food, and famine stared them in the face, so they sat down to consult what was to be done, and among the members of the council was Oscar, the dog.

He heard all that was said, appeared to be deeply impressed with the dilemma, and at the close informed them as plainly as a dog could that he thought he saw his way through it, and no efforts on his part would be wanting to procure a supply of bear's flesh, for which he had a particular fondness. Shortly afterward he made them open the hut door and let him out.

Oscar proceeded to some distance on the ice until he met a bear, up to which he went and made a show of attacking it—a course which put the bear very little out, because he knew that all he had to do was to follow the dog. It would tire before he would, and before long he would catch it, and make his dinner off it. So the bear followed the dog, which ever and anon turned and made a feint of attack, so as to keep the bear's attention and ensure his following on.

In this way he led the bear close to the hut, setting up, when there, a tremendous barking, which brought out the men to see what was the matter. The dog kept on barking and attacking the bear, and so diverting his attention that the men had no difficulty in coming close up and shooting him.

All the winter through the dog continued the same course, and his loud barking heard near the hut was the signal to the men that a bear was at their door ready to be shot! And by this means the crew were plentifully supplied with flesh-meat through the winter.

Captain Gray, of the *Eclipse*, was employed to arrange an expedition in search of the *Eira*, and he appointed his brother to sail in the *Hope*, pointing out to him where the ship or her crew would likely be.

The *Hope's* and *Eira's* crews met, and came home together; and, as a remembrance, Mr. Leigh Smith made Captain Gray a present of the dog, which, having fed his crew, might some day perhaps be the means of saving Captain Gray and his crew.

*What Birds Do.*

The swallow, swift, and nighthawk, are the guardians of the atmosphere. They check the increase of insects that otherwise would overload it. Woodpeckers, creepers, and chickadees, are the guar-

dians of the trunks of trees. Warblers and fly-catchers protect the foliage. Blackbirds, crows, thrushes, and larks, protect the surface of the soil. Snipe and woodcock protect the soil under the surface. Each tribe has its respective duties to perform in the economy of nature, and it is an undoubted fact that if birds were all swept off the face of the earth, man could not live upon it, vegetation would wither and die, insects would become so numerous that no living being could withstand their attacks. The wholesale destruction occasioned by grasshoppers, which have devastated the west, is, to a great extent perhaps, caused by the thinning out of the birds, such as grouse, prairie hens, etc., which feed upon them. The great and inestimable service done to the farmer, gardener, and florist, is only being known by sad experience. Spare the birds and save the fruit; the little corn and fruit taken by them is more than compensated by the quantities of noxious insects they destroy.

*A Brave Brute.*

## A MAN'S LIFE SAVED BY A BIG NEWFOUNDLAND DOG.

Yesterday, shortly before noon, a man was crossing the Seventeenth-street bridge over Wheeling creek, and, noticing some object in the water, he leaned over the balustrade. Reaching out too far, he lost his balance and tumbled over, falling into a deep hold in the creek. He either could not swim, or was rendered powerless by fright or the effect of his concussion head first with the water, and floundered about helplessly. A few spectators were in sight, and all rushed to the bank fully expecting to see the man drown. He sank twice, and was about going down a third time never to rise alive, when a huge, shaggy Newfoundland dog dashed down the bank, leaped into the creek, swam to the man, and grasping him by the coat held him up and pulled him toward the shore until the man's feet were on the solid ground, not letting go his hold until both were clear out of the water. Then the shaggy brute shook his coat dry, and walked off wagging his tail, amid the plaudits of a hundred old men and boys who had been attracted by the shouts of the few people who witnessed the man's tumble. The man, as much dead as alive, waited until he had recovered his senses entirely and drained somewhat, and then walked off. Neither the man nor the dog was known to any of the eye witnesses.

—*Wheeling Intelligencer.*

*What the Robins Did.*

As many as fifty robins were seen at one time the other day on Jarvis Lord's lawn, in Pittsford, diligently and with seeming gusto thrusting their beaks through the yielding sod of a considerable area of an unaccountably withered grass plot. The gardener had the curiosity to turn up a portion of the punctured turf, and discovered to his amazement that the earth beneath was alive with a greedy multitude of large, white grubs, which had completely consumed the roots of the grass. He continued the easy work, and at every fresh removal of the sod the same phenomenon presented itself, until quart of the pestiferous larvae were gathered and destroyed. Large patches of withered grass are numerous over the extensive grounds, and men and boys have been at work now for days tossing away the turf, and ridding the soil of the enemy. The grub is to be examined by the entomologists of Pittsford, and it is hoped identified. A gentleman in the place, who has had some experience and observation as a gardener, is of the opinion that the larvae is that of the May beetle.

—*Rochester Democrat.*

The best government is not that which renders the individual happiest, but that which renders the greatest number happy.

*Drowning the Squirrel.*

When I was about six years old, one morning going to school, a ground-squirrel ran into his hole in the ground before me. They like to dig holes in some place where they can put out their heads to see if danger is near. I thought, now I shall have fine fun. As there was a stream of water just at hand, I determined to pour water into the hole till it should be full, and force the little animal to come out, so that I might kill it. I was soon pouring water in on the poor squirrel. I could hear it struggle, and said:

"Ah, my fine fellow, I will soon have you out now."

Just then I heard a voice behind me: "Well, my boy, what have you got there?"

I turned and saw one of my neighbors, a good old man, with long, white locks, that had seen sixty winters.

"Well," said I, "there is a ground-squirrel in here, and I am going to drown him out."

Said he: "When I was a little boy, more than fifty years ago, I was engaged one day, just as you are, drowning a squirrel; and an old man, such as I am, came along and said to me, 'You are a little boy. Now, if you were down in a narrow hole like that, and I should come and pour water down upon you, would you not think I was cruel? God made the little squirrel, and life is as sweet to it as to you. Why torture to death a little innocent creature that God has made?' He added: 'I have never forgotten that, and never shall. Now, my dear boy, I want you to remember this as long as you live; and when tempted to destroy any little animal or bird, to think of what I have said. God does not allow us to kill his creatures for our pleasure.'"

More than forty years have since passed, and I have never forgotten what the good old man said, nor have I ever wantonly killed the least animal for amusement since.

—*Selected.*

*Sly Old Horse.*

Anent "The Blues," I have heard a charming story, illustrative of the wonderful intelligence of some horses. One evening the officer on guard, hearing a noise in the stables, concluded that a horse must have got loose. He therefore went with a corporal of the guard, and, looking through a key-hole, saw an old troop-horse lifting up the lid of the corn bin, and munching away at the oats. The officer rattled the door by mistake. The old charger instantly cocked his ears, stole back to his stall, artfully slipped his head back into his halter, and awaited events as if nothing had happened. Seeing this, the officer and corporal, pretending to be deceived, after looking around the stables, went out again. So soon, however, as the horse heard the lock turned upon them, he slipped his halter and attacked the corn bin again. After this the crafty old warrior was firmly secured.

—*London Figaro.*

*Lapland.*

In Lapland the sun never goes down during May, June and July; but in winter he never rises at all. His place however, is somewhat supplied by the wonderful northern lights, which flash and flicker in the cold gray skies. They look like fires of a thousand shapes and colors. Now like crowns, and now like domes; now like fishing-nets, and now like streamers of silk; now like arches, and now like banners, these welcome guests make a Lapland night beautiful. For nine months of the year the ground is of a dazzling whiteness, and the cold is intense. Part of the people are called "Reindeer Laplanders," and part "Fishing Laplanders." The former live on their herds, some possessing many hundreds; the latter dwell near the lakes and *fjords*. The reindeer, when he casts his coat, is brownish yellow. In the dog-days he becomes white. His hair is close and thick. The horns are large and beautiful, but fall, towards the end of November, and are turned into spoons or glue. This wonderful creature has been known to go at the rate of nineteen miles an hour when yoked to a light sledge.



## Good Recommendations.

A gentleman advertised for a boy to assist him in his office, and nearly fifty applicants presented themselves to him. Out of the whole number he in a short time selected one and dismissed the rest.

"I should like to know," said a friend, "on what grounds you selected that boy, who had not a single recommendation?" "You are mistaken," said the gentleman; "he had a great many. He wiped his feet when he came in, and closed the door after him, showing that he was careful. He gave up his seat instantly to that lame old man, showing that he was kind and thoughtful. He took off his cap when he came in, and answered my questions promptly, showing that he was polite and gentlemanly. He picked up the book which I had purposely laid upon the floor, and replaced it upon the table, while all the rest stepped over it or shoved it aside, and he waited quietly for his turn, instead of pushing and crowding, showing that he was honorable and orderly."

When I talked with him, I noticed his clothes were carefully brushed, his hair in nice order, and when he wrote his name, I noticed his finger nails were clean, instead of being tipped with jet, like that handsome little fellow in that blue jacket. Don't you call those things letters of recommendation? I do, and I would give more for what I can tell about a boy by using my eyes ten minutes than all the letters he can bring me."

## Did Bob Think?

Bob was an old horse on my great-grandfather's farm. He was a very clever horse; but it is not so much for his cleverness as for one thoughtful thing which he did, that his name has been handed down to us who live so long after him, and who never saw him.

He was very fond of children; the boys who lived near used to have many a pleasant game with Bob on sunny afternoons when he was grazing in the fields or by the roadside. Sometimes they chased Bob, and sometimes he chased them; and it was a funny sight to see the old horse running after a troop of boys, uttering a peculiar whinny, which said as plain as words could say it, "Is n't this real fun, boys?"

One day Bob was coming slowly through the one long street of the village, dragging a loaded cart behind him. There, right in the middle of the street, a little child was sprawling in the dust. No one noticed it until Bob and the cart were close upon it. Was the child to be trodden beneath the horse's feet, or crushed beneath the broad wheel of the cart? No; just as the mother rushed out of a doorway with a shriek, Bob stooped down, seized the child's clothing with his teeth, and laid the little one on the foot-path out of harm's way. It was done tenderly, quietly, and it was over in a moment. Then the wise horse went on as if he had done nothing surprising.

Do you wonder that we keep Bob's memory green? And is n't his thoughtfulness a lesson for the little boys and girls whose common excuse for carelessness which injures others is, "I didn't think"? Bob thought; and his thinking saved a child's life.

—S. S. Times.

## A Cow With a Wooden Leg.

Mrs. Mary Gravely, of Bailey's Cross Roads, Buck County, Pa., says the Philadelphia Ledger, has a cow which, about four months ago, had its right front leg cut off below the knee by a railroad train. A veterinary surgeon dressed the wounds and tied up the arteries so skilfully that the cow recovered. She was kept in the stable until a few days ago, when a neighbor, a cabinet maker, made for her a wooden leg, which was strapped on the stump. The cow hopped along holding the injured leg up for a day or two, but now she has concluded to use the wooden attachment, and limps around quite comfortably upon it, and seems to be in good health.

## A Four-Legged Rochester Philanthropist.

The animal in this case is owned by a party residing within a few rods of this office, and the facts come directly from the family. The dog is a white terrier, of a most affectionate disposition, and when she meets with any stranger to whom she takes a fancy, she will go to him, sit up on her hind legs, and reach out her fore paws for recognition. A day or two since a boy called at the side door to beg for something to eat. The dog trotted to the door with the servant, who told the beggar that she had nothing. "Give me only a piece of bread," said the boy. The girl answered that they were out of bread, and that she was baking at the time. Meanwhile, the dog was momentarily missed, but quickly returned bearing in her mouth a large piece of bread that had been previously thrown her to eat. She went directly up to the boy, extended her paws with the bread in her mouth, and offered it to him as intelligently as any mute being could do. The girl was actually frightened at this remarkable exhibition of intelligence.

—Rochester Union.

## The Orchard Oriole.

A very pretty little story comes from Hartford, and it is true. A nest of the orchard oriole (improperly called the "English robin") was discovered by the owner of the lot, whose child wanted the young birds, and the child was duly gratified. The nest was taken home, to the delight of the child and the grief of the parent birds, and the fledglings were placed in a cage outside the house. To the surprise of the person who had put them there, he found, one day, that the mother-bird had discovered her lost children, and was feeding them through the wires of the cage. This proof of parental affection in a bird was continued, till at length the person who had removed the nest from its place and put it in the cage was moved to restore it to its place on the tree, with the young birds in it. The unbounded delight of the old birds proved a full compensation for the sense of his—or, rather, his child's—loss, by the restoration of the young birds to their mother.

## Cats and Dogs.

Why do cats run up the trees for safety, and why does not the dog try to follow them into the branches, instead of contenting himself with barking below? Here we find ourselves met by two points, the first being that the structure of the two animals is different, and the second that the instinct coincides with the structure. Up to a certain point their structure is almost identical, but after that point they diverge. Both are, in the wild state, carnivorous animals, and both live on prey which they procure by their own efforts. But the mode in which they do so is widely different. The dog pursues the prey in the day-time, and runs it down by fair chase. Cats almost invariably hunt at night. Therefore their eyes are not made like the dog's. When Ponto has barked himself hoarse after the cats in the tree, we will call him and make him look us in the face. The "pupils" of his honest brown eyes are quite circular, like those of the human being. Suppose we look at them again after dusk, we shall find that they are much larger than they appeared in daylight, but they are still circular. Having induced Ponto to go back to his own premises and coaxed the cats from their refuge, we will examine their eyes as we did those of the dog. The pupil of the eye will be seen to be little more than a narrow slit. Toward dusk, if we look at pussy's eyes, we shall see that the slit has greatly widened. At midnight the pupils will be as circular as those of the dog, only very much larger in proportion to the size of the animal. This change is caused by the effect of light upon the mechanism of the eye, and it is invariable in the cat all over the world.

—Good Words.

## Ayr and Robert Burns.

I accomplished the excursion to the town of Ayr and the Burns environs in a day, leaving Glasgow by the Southwestern Railway in the morning, and returning the same evening in time for a drive through Queen's Park, (so named in honor of Scotland's unfortunate Mary.) The scenery of Ayrshire and along the railway thither, is so connected with the poetry of Burns, that at every step the one suggests the other. The chanting linnet, the mellow thrush, the soaring lark, the perching redbreast, the deep-toned plover, no less than the peasant's lowly shed, the green thorn-bush, and men and women busy in the fields, greet us in the passing train, and recall

"The simple bard, rough at the rustic plough,  
Learning his tuneful trade from every bough."

Thus the waving fields of rye, which here seems to be cultivated almost to the exclusion of wheat, lent a peculiar touch to Burns's song of

"Coming thro' the rye."

On reaching Ayr, a town of about 20,000 inhabitants, instinct, without a guide, led us directly to the "Twa Brigs" which span the river, the "auld ane," built six hundred years ago.

It would be a rare bit of municipal history if we could learn just how this bridge was built; whether by contract, and if so, by the day or by the job? also, to whom the builders did account, and what percentage went *a-gley*. I am not aware that Wendell Phillips refers to this old bridge in his "Lost Arts," but if he or some other Diogenes of the period could seek and find the honesty that tempered the mortar and laid the foundation of it, he would do the state service.

—"Progress."

## What the Cows Did at Gloucester, Mass.

At Gloucester, Mass., one pleasant day last summer, a small party embarked in a wherry to visit Russ's Island, lying just below the railroad bridge, which crosses Squam river, Gloucester. In the boat was a Newfoundland dog. As soon as we had disembarked, we observed at a short distance a dozen cows and an old lame horse feeding. The dog also espied them, and accordingly rushed towards them barking at the top of his voice. This attack first started the cows, and they began to retreat with considerable speed. The horse was then selected as the main object of assault, and limped away as well as he could. The cows huddled together in a group, and passed around among each other for a few moments, apparently consulting on what was best to be done. Finally, they came forward in a body, covered the retreat of the old horse, and took the front themselves. They then moved deliberately together in a line, with heads towards the ground, and horns presented to the dog, and drove him back defeated. At every succeeding rally on his part, they continued to repulse him till he abandoned his attacks, and then retired to a grassy spot to graze as before. Those cows actually protected their lame associate from the assaults of their noisy invader.

—Boston Post.

## A Shepherd Dog.

A flock of sheep blocked up the entrance to a bridge spanning Mill Creek, near Chester Park, Ohio. A large shepherd dog had been trying to induce the sheep to cross the bridge, but they were suspicious and held back. Presently the dog, discouraged at his unsuccessful effort to drive them, leaped upon the backs of the sheep, which, in their crowded condition, looked like one woolly floor, ran along to the bridge entrance, leaped upon the floor, and, seizing in his mouth the neck of one of the ewes, dragged her along on to the bridge. Once on the floor of the bridge, the old ewe's suspicions were allayed, and she trotted on across, followed by the whole flock, while the dog stepped to one side, let them all pass, and then trotted along behind.

—Humane Appeal.

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His Excellency the Governor and one hundred others through the State.

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The Society has about 500 unpaid agents throughout the country who report quarterly.

**Cases Investigated by Office Agents in June.**

Whole number of complaints received, 135; viz.: Beating, 13; overworking and overloading, 4; overdriving, 7; driving when lame or galled, 37; failing to provide proper food and shelter, 8; torturing, 3; driving when diseased, 3; abandoning, 2; general cruelty, 58.

Remedied without prosecution, 46; warnings issued, 36; not substantiated, 37; not found, 10; anonymous, 2; prosecuted, 4; convicted, 2; pending, 1, (viz. No. 420.)

Animals taken from work, 22; killed, 14.

Small animals killed by messenger, 62.

**By Country Agents, Second Quarter, 1883.**

Whole number of complaints, 286; viz.: beating, 31; overloading, 28; overdriving, 34; working when lame or galled, 59; working when diseased, 11; not providing food or shelter, 13; torturing, 10; abandoning, 8; general cruelty, 92.

Remedied without prosecution, 260; not substantiated, 17; prosecuted, 9; convicted, 6.

Animals taken from work, 23; killed, 18.

**Receipts by the Society in June.****FINES.**

From District Court.—First Bristol, two cases, \$30.  
Municipal Court.—Boston, three cases, \$25; S. Boston District, two cases, \$13; Roxbury District, \$10.  
Witness fees, \$1.40.

**FROM MEMBERS AND DONORS.**

Geo. T. Angell, \$26; Mr. and Mrs. Geo. D. Oxnard, \$10; Miss MacQuesten, \$2; Mrs. F. F. Hinckley, \$50.

**FIVE DOLLARS EACH.**

Mrs. J. W. G. Stackpole, Charles Rotch, Dr. G. S. Carter, Cyrus Woodman, Dr. F. P. Sprague.

**ONE DOLLAR EACH.**

Mr. Leavitt, Jno. P. Baker, a Friend.

Total, \$66.50.

**SUBSCRIBERS.**

Miss Helen M. Mason, \$4.90; Miss Maria Murdoch, \$3.15; Edward Bringham, \$2.70; Delaware Society P. C. to Animals, \$2.25; Miss A. Biddle, \$2.

**ONE DOLLAR EACH.**

Mt. Holyoke Seminary, Austin &amp; Graves, Miss Ellen Dana, P. P. Wetherell, O. Little, Miss E. B. Hilles, Mrs. Hanch, O. Plimp-ton.

**FIFTY CENTS EACH.**

Miss Clara Cushing, Irving T. Guild, Amelia C. Bisbing, Mrs. D. F. Hinckley, Mrs. Bradbourne, Miss A. E. Morris, Ernest Bell, M. J. Wheeler, Wm. Robinson, a Friend.

Total, \$28.00.

**OTHER SUMS.**

Publications sold, \$1; Interests, \$64.52; Total, \$65.52.

Total receipts in June, \$239.42.

**Publications Received From Kindred Societies.**

Animal World. London, England.  
Humane Journal. Chicago.  
Our Animal Friends. New York.  
Zoophilist. London, England.  
Animal Friend. Vienna, Austria.  
Bulletin of the Swiss Soc. P. A. Zurich, Switz.  
Publication of the Carinthia Soc. P. A. Illyria, Austria.

Quarterly Report of the Courland Soc. P. A. Courland, Russia.

Yearly Report of the Hamburg Soc. P. A. Hamburg, Germany.

Zoophilist. Naples, Italy.

**A Parable.**

Said Christ our Lord, "I will go and see  
How the men, my brethren, believe in me."  
He passed not again through the gate of birth,  
But made himself known to the children of earth.

Then said the chief priests, and rulers, and kings,  
"Behold, now, the Giver of all good things;  
Go to, let us welcome with pomp and state  
Him who alone is mighty and great."

With carpets of gold the ground they spread  
Wherever the Son of Man should tread,  
And in palace-chambers lofty and rare  
They lodged him, and served him with kingly fare.

Great organs surged through arches dim  
Their jubilant floods in praise of him;  
And in church, and palace, and judgment-hall,  
He saw his image high over all.

But still, wherever his steps they led,  
The Lord in sorrow bent down his head,  
And from under the heavy foundation-stones,  
The Son of Mary heard bitter groans.

And in church and palace, and judgment-hall,  
He marked great fissures that rent the wall,  
And opened wider and yet more wide,  
As the living foundations heaved and sighed.

"Have ye founded your thrones and altars, then,  
On the bodies and souls of living men?  
And think ye that building shall endure,  
Which shelters the noble and crushes the poor?"

"O Lord and Master, not ours the guilt,  
We build but as our fathers built;  
Behold thine images, how they stand,  
Sovereign and sole, through all our land."

Then Christ sought out an artisan,  
A low-browed, stunted, haggard man,  
And a motherless girl, whose fingers thin  
Pushed from her faintly want and sin.

These set he in the midst of them,  
And as they drew back their garment-hem,  
For fear of defilement, "Lo, here," said he,  
"The images ye have made of me!"

—James Russell Lowell.

A jeweler in Turin has made a tiny boat of a single pearl. The hull is finely shaped, and might serve as a model for a great sloop. The sail is of beaten gold, studded with diamonds, and the binnacle light is a perfect ruby. An emerald serves as its rudder, and its stand is a slab of ivory. Its weight is less than an ounce, and it is said to have cost \$5000.

**Treatment of Horses in Hot Weather.**

During every summer we have periods of extreme heat, when horses as well as men die from the effects of sun stroke. Man can seek relief from the heat whenever he thinks it necessary, but horses and mules, exposed to the fiery rays of the mid-day sun, are often prostrated and die in the street before relief can be given them. During very warm weather they should be kept in the shade as much as possible, driven at a moderate speed, and when used in the afternoon, a wet sponge should be fastened upon their heads. They should be frequently furnished with water to drink, in small quantities, and their mouths and heads bathed with wet sponges. If the legs or other portions of the body are chafed by their movements, water should be sprinkled on the rubbed portions. Light harness and light loads, in very warm weather, are necessary to the comfort of the horse, and will be the means of promoting his life and usefulness.

—Galena (Ill.) Gazette.

In driving in hot weather, we let our horse walk in shady places and trot in sunny places, and watch the leaves of trees to see whether there is a cool breeze or not.

—Ed.

**Prices of Humane Publications.**

The following publications can be obtained at our offices at cost prices, which does not include postage.

"Ten Lessons on Kindness to Animals," by Geo. T. Angell, at 2 cents each, or \$2.00 per 100  
"Care of Horses," .45 "  
"Cattle Transportation," by Geo. T. Angell, 1.10 "  
"Protection of Animals," by Geo. T. Angell, 1.33 "  
"Five Questions Answered," by G. T. Angell, .50 "  
"The Check Rein," by G. T. Angell, .60 "  
"The Marett Tract," by G. T. Angell, (postage), .05 "  
"How to Kill Animals Humanely," by Dr. D. D. Slade, .95 "  
Humane picture card, "Waiting for the Master," .75 "  
"Insect Eating Birds," by Frank H. Palmer, 1.30 "  
"Selected Poems," 3.00 "  
"Selections From Longfellow," 3.00 "  
"How to Form Bands of Mercy," .30 "  
"Bible Lesson for Bands of Mercy," .45 "  
"Service of Mercy," selections from Scripture, etc. .65 "  
"New Order of Chivalry," by G. T. Angell, 1.00 "

All the above can be had in smaller numbers at the same rates.

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